

7-18-1882

Letter from Anne Whitney, Boston, Massachusetts,
to Maria Weston Chapman, Weymouth,
Massachusetts, 1882 July 18

Anne Whitney

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many years ago. She is
looking for me the last of
the week. She states that
my health will determine
if the cold continues in full
force - I shall fear to
tempt - a second by going
among the walnut-groves.
Just now - it is not worth
talking about, but today
is cool & cloudy - a good end
was of the Catastrophic ^{proceeding}.

Did you my dear friend
put in any place you can
remember in the bookcase in
your Chamber the pamphlets
& things you brought here for
us to take with the birds? I cannot
recall what it was that was
going to be the next egg of that
remarkable collection she made
under the shadow of Meadown -
Thine always -

Boston July 13 - 1852.

This is just to tell you
dearest - all, to what a
good time I had at your
house - or to tell you rather
that I can't tell you - &
how glad I am to have
been there - & how much
I shall love to go again when
the acceptable hour comes;

Your Chamber - the drive
& the sunset - & all the
pleasant memories shall
live & grow in me & I am
your debtor for them -

This is my sister's birth
day - & my last call

at Clark's yesterday I could
think of nothing better for
her than Clark Lewis's
White Elephant - something
to make her laugh. But she
who gives so beautifully - I
mean with such fine taste
& choice is more than pleased
with the poorest remembrance
in form - counting a ~~poor~~
of love - or much or little
the divine element in gifts -
This life has been so
modest so fulfilled & all
humility - & withdrawn
from observation! - yet
silently felt in the hidden
ways ^{where} she has always been

sprinkling refreshment
& pleasure for others. - There
always mingles with my
affection for her something
of remorse - as if I could
not enough understand & value
through my own wilful want
of nature one so different
from the world's standards
of value.

Did I forget to give you
my sister's greeting & sympathy?

Addeline is still busy
with arrangements for the
new Lonsdale - & happy
in her busy - ^{even} she
is also drawing a ^{small} portrait
of my mother for Sarah -
from a photograph of

18th July - Sarah's birthday

13 years old July - 1895.

Mrs. L. Chapman
Weymouth
Massachusetts

